



SPAWN

image

21
JUN

DIGITAL
EDITION



McFARLANE
94

image

 COMICS PRESENTS:

"the HUNT"

PART 1



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HEY!

WATCH
IT, YOU
BUTCHER!

SETTLE
DOWN,
YOU BIG
BABY.

CRIPES.

YOU'D
THINK I WAS
MURDERIN'
YA OR
SOMETHING.

NOW
STOP
MOVING.

OW!

IN A CITY OF A
MILLION VOICES,
WE FOCUS OUR
ATTENTION UPON
TWO IN PARTICULAR.

ONE IS THE
CURRENT RULER
OF NEW YORK'S
HIDDEN BACK
STREETS -- A
FIGURE WHOSE
LIFE HAS GROWN
AS TWISTED AS
THE MATTED HAIR
OF THE STRAY
DOGS WHICH
WANDER THOSE
SAME ALLEYWAYS.

THE OTHER
BELONGS TO
ONE OF THE
MANY HOME-
LESS UNDER
THIS NEW
SENTINEL'S
WATCHFUL
EYE...

...ONE WHOSE
GRATITUDE IS
NEARLY BEYOND
WORDS.

JEE-ZUZ!
WHAT A
WIMP!



LISTEN,
AL. I'M
DOING THE
BEST I
CAN.

SO A
LITTLE
RESPECT AND
THANKFULNESS
MIGHT NOT
KILL YA--
YOU THINK?

LOOK,
I'M NOT
COMPLAINING
OR ANY-
THING...

...BUT
WHEN YOU
SAID YOU'D
HAD SOME
MEDICAL
EXPERIENCE, I
ASSUMED YOU
MEANT MORE
THAN JUST THE
BARBARIC,
STONE-AGE
KIND.

EVERY-
ONE'S A
FRIGGIN'
CRITIC.

CONSIDER
YOURSELF
LUCKY I DIDN'T
DECIDE TO
TIE ONE ON
BEFORE I
STARTED.

HA HA

THEN I'D
REALLY BE
SHAKY.

GET IT?!

TIE ONE ON?

TIE?

HAHAHAHA

I CAN
HARDLY
CONTAIN
MYSELF.



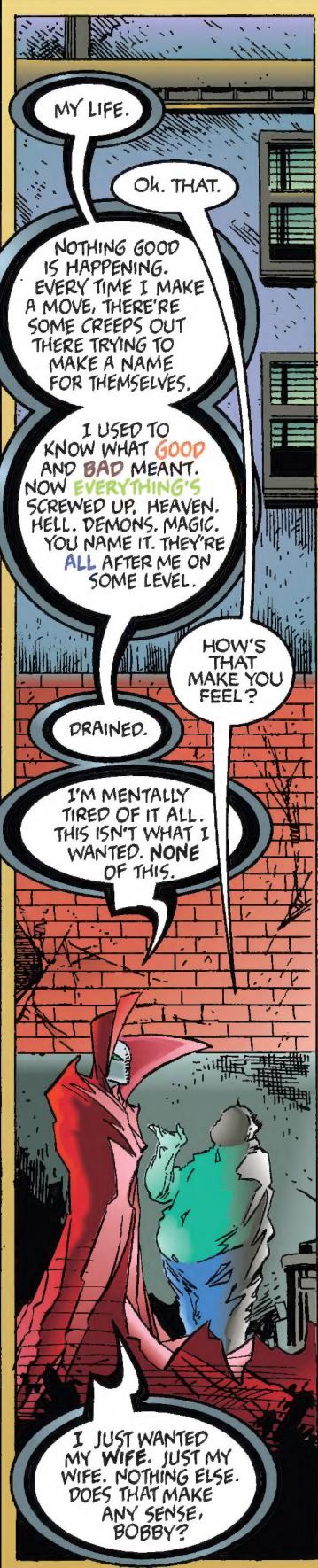
THERE!
THAT JUST
ABOUT DOES
IT. BY THE WAY,
I FORGOT TO
ASK - HOW'D
YOU GET THAT
NASTY GASH
ANYWAY?



RAN INTO
SOME BOZO
IN BLACK.*

*SEE ISSUES 19 AND 20.
NOT OUT YET! - Tom.





GAWD!

LISTEN TO ME
BLUBBERING LIKE
A TWO-YEAR-OLD.

WHAT I'M
TRYING TO
SAY IS THAT
YOU'RE
OKAY!

YOU NEED TO
FIND YOUR ANSWERS.
DO IT. JUST DON'T
LOSE SIGHT OF WHAT
YOU ALREADY
HAVE.

WHICH
IS?

US.

SINCE YOU
SHOWED UP, THINGS
HAVE BEEN STRANGE
AROUND HERE. WELL,
MAYBE IT'S YOU, MAYBE
NOT. WHO CARES. WHAT
I DO KNOW IS THAT THE
BOYS AND I **LIKE**
HAVING YOU
AROUND.

MAKES US
FEEL A BIT COCKY,
IF YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN.



WHAT?!



A COVERT DIRECTOR OF THE C.I.A. JASON WYNN RUNS HIS OFFICE WITH NEAR IMPUNITY...

...HIS AMBITIONS STEAM-ROLLING OVER ANY INNOCENTS IN HIS WAY.

PRESENTLY, THE LOCAL POLICE ARE MONITORING HIM, AND THERE ARE TEN F.B.I. AGENTS ON THE CASE AS WELL. SHOULDN'T WE CALL IT OFF, POSSIBLY TARGET ANOTHER OF OUR SUSPECTS?

TRAPPED. IT'S NOT A POSITION JASON WYNN HAS FOUND HIMSELF IN VERY OFTEN. HIS TWO-DAY DISAPPEARANCE* HAS FURTHER COMPLICATED THE SITUATION. THE PRESIDENT WASN'T SATISFIED WITH WYNN'S EXPLANATION. TO PULL MEN FROM AN OPERATION WOULD BE A CLEAR ADMISSION OF ERROR...

...AND WEAKNESS.

CONTINUE SURVEILLANCE AS USUAL.

FITZGERALD REMAINS OUR PRIME TARGET.

*ISSUES 16 TO 18 -- Time



THEN WAIT FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

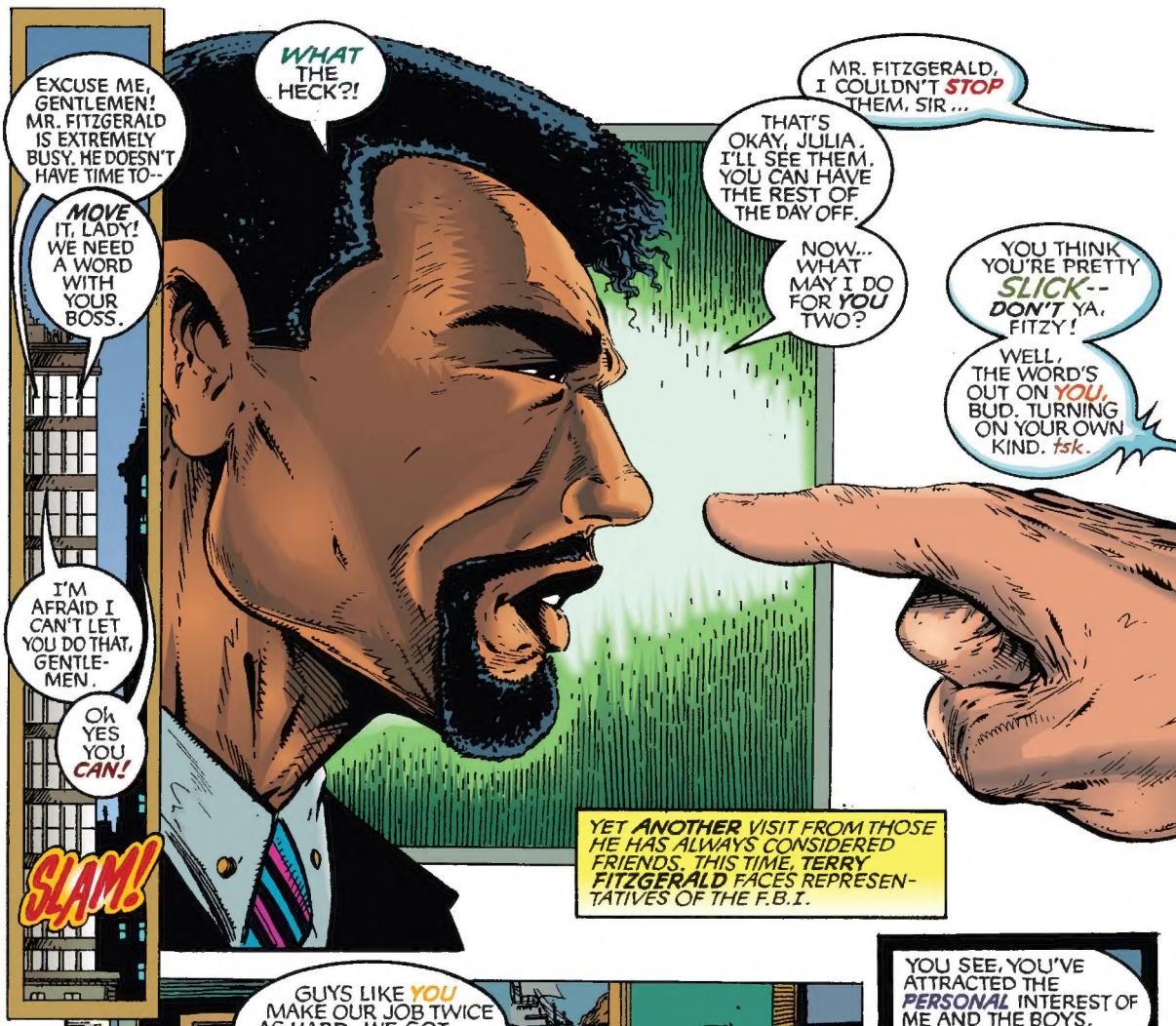
BUT, SIR-- THE REPORT! ARE YOU SURE THAT...

HAVE IT DESTROYED.
NOW.

THUS, WYNN PROTECTS HIMSELF FROM ANY PERCEIVED WRONGDOING AND REINFORCES HIS AUTHORITY.

BY THE WAY, AGENT ROENICK...

IF YOU EVER QUESTION MY ORDERS AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU KILLED.



HE HAS BEEN HARASSED BY EVERY MAJOR SECURITY FORCE IN OUR NATION.



MAYBE
THIS'LL
JOG YOUR
MEMORY!!

EASY
NOW,
SIR.

NOW, LET'S
TRY THIS
AGAIN.

UMP-HFF

POLICE
BRUTALITY...

I GOT--
MY-KOFF
RIGHTS.

I'LL
SUE...

YEAH,
YEAH. I'LL
WRITE UP A
REPORT...

...MAKE
SURE I GET
EVERYTHING
DOWN FOR YOUR
LAWYER.

LIKE THAT
POUND AND A HALF OF **CRACK** IN YOUR
CAR. NOT TO MENTION
THE ILLEGAL
FIREARMS.

OF COURSE,
I CAN SEE HOW
AN UPSTANDING
CITIZEN LIKE YOUR-
SELF WILL BE TAKEN
AT **HIS** WORD IN
THIS INCIDENT.

WHAT D'YA
THINK,
TWITCH?

I'M
LOOKING FOR A
NEW JOB
TOMORROW,
SIR.

GOD, I LOVE HIS SARCASM.

FOR DETECTIVES SAM BURKE AND "TWITCH" WILLIAMS, NYPD, AN OCCASIONAL SCOURING OF THE 'SKIN' DISTRICT IS JUST ONE OF THE ROUTINES. NOT MUCH THAT'S USEFUL GIVES ITSELF UP WILLINGLY. THIS TIME AROUND, THOUGH, THEY HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN A CERTAIN HERO FROM HELL. HAVING GLIMPSED HIS CAPE NOW A SECOND TIME*, THEY KNOW THE TRAIL IS STILL HOT...

*ISSUES 5 AND 14 -- Tom

...THAT IT'S JUST A MATTER OF FINDING THE RIGHT RAT TO LEAD THEM.

SUCK ME,
FAT BOY!
I AIN'T GIVING
YOU NOTHING!

I KNOW
MY RIGHTS.

WELL, HERE'S THE SET-UP. YOU, MY LITTLE SCUMBAG JIMMY, HAVE TWO DAYS TO GET ME THE INFO I WANT.

OH YES!

LIKE THE RIGHT TO DO BUSINESS WITH THOSE HIGH SCHOOL KIDS YOU KEEP SHOVING YOUR DRUGS TO.

I GUESS THAT'S A RIGHT.

WON'T BE GOOD FOR YOUR PROFESSIONAL IMAGE IF YOU SUDDENLY HAVE TO PEDDLER STUFF FROM A WHEEL-CHAIR.

DOESN'T LOOK COOL TO THE KIDS.

I SAID I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A GUY IN RED.

tsk tsk.

I SAID--

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR!

EHH!!

CRUNCH

AND IF YOU **DON'T** TOO

IF YOU **DO**,
I'LL ONLY CONFISCATE YOUR DRUGS AND MAKE SURE YOU DON'T SET UP SHOP AGAIN.

THEN I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET PUT AWAY SO LONG YOU'LL WISH YOU'D BOUGHT STOCK IN THE VASELINE COMPANY.

DO I MAKE MYSELF **CLEAR**, MISTER SWEET CHEEKS?

FOR THE NEXT 48 HOURS, JIMMY LINDEN DISPLAYS REMARKABLE INITIATIVE AS HE DIGS FOR ANSWERS.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY, AL SIMMONS HUDDLES QUIETLY IN THE DISCARDED WASTE OF THE 'REAL' WORLD -- CAMOUFLAGED BY THE MAKESHIFT BEDDING OF THE HOMELESS.

DURING THESE LONELIEST HOURS, HE WONDERS HOW HE HAS BECOME SO DISTRACTED FROM THE SIMPLE GOAL OF THIS NEW UN-LIFE: TO SET THINGS STRAIGHT WITH HIS WIDOW, WANDA BLAKE.

HE'S NOT SURPRISED THEN AS ANOTHER COMPLICATION CROPS UP.

AL!

HEY AL!!

GET UP, MAN!
WE GOT
TROUBLE
AGAIN!

WHAT IS IT,
JODY?

SOME NAZI-SKINHEAD IS OUT LOOKING FOR YOU. SAYS HE WAS SENT BY THE MAFIA. SAYS HE'S GOING TO KNOCK A FEW HEADS UNTIL YOU SHOW. SAYS YOU'RE A PUSSY!

ANOTHER SNARL IN SIMMONS' TANGLED EXISTENCE. ANOTHER HOTSHOT LOOKING TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AT THE HELLSPOWN'S EXPENSE.

WHAT HE'D BEEN SELFISHLY CONSIDERING AS "DISTRACTIONS" HAVE SURFACED AS ACTUAL THREATS. THESE FOLKS ARE FAMILY NOW, UNDER HIS PROTECTION, AND AL SIMMONS IS AT HEART A FAMILY MAN.

ON TOO MANY LEVELS, HIS FEELINGS ABOUT FAMILY AREN'T BEING MADE CLEAR.

IT'S TIME TO EMPHASIZE THAT POINT, LOUDLY AND WITH FEELING.



I DON'T
GIVE A CRAP
WHOSE SIDE
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
ON...

I WANT
ME YOUR
MAGIC-
MAN.

WHAT KIND
OF SAVIOR
LIVES ON
THE STREETS?
MUST BE SOME
FRIGGIN'
PSYCHO!

YOU
CALLED...?

UHNNH OWWW!

LONG FINGERS ENDING IN
UNGODLY TALONS TEAR
THROUGH CLOTH, FLESH
AND MUSCLE...

...REACH
BONE...

...AND LOCK TIGHT.

I'D LIKE
A MINUTE
OF YOUR
TIME.

CRIES--
MY
ARM--!

I'M
GOING
TO ASK
ONLY
ONCE.

WHO
SENT YOU,
AND WHERE
DO I FIND
THEM?

LISTEN,
FREAK. YOU
DON'T KNOW WHO
YOU'RE *MESSIN'*
WITH. WHEN THE *MOB*
GETS MAD, PEOPLE
GET HURT.

INCLU-
DING
YOU.

YOU TOOK THE WORDS
RIGHT OUT
OF MY MOUTH.

SKAX

DON'T YOU
SCREW
WITH THESE
GUYS.

THEY'LL
HURT YOU.
YOUR FAMILY.
YOUR FRIENDS.
EVEN YOUR FRIGGIN'
PETS.

SO DO
YOURSELF
A FAVOR AND
GET OUTTA
TOWN. IT'LL SAVE
EVERYONE A LOT
OF BLOOD.

SPAWN SAYS
NOTHING -- JUST
CROUCHES OVER
HIM AND STARES.

TWENTY SECONDS PASS.

YOU CRAZY
BUGGER!

THEY'LL
KILL YA!

YOU
HEAR?!

YOU'RE
**DEAD
MEAT!!**

YOU'RE
DAMN
RIGHT
I AM!

CHRIST.

SO MAKE
SURE YOU TAKE
A GOOD HARD
LOOK--

--THEN
TELL YOUR
BOSS HE COULDN'T
POSSIBLY DO
ANY WORSE.

NOT EVEN
CLOSE.

SO YOU TELL
MISTER...?

GRAVANO.
VITO
GRAVANO.

THAT
FATASS!?

HOW
MANY OF HIS
WHIPPING BOYS
DO I NEED TO
SPANK?*

*ISSUES 6 AND 7--Toon.

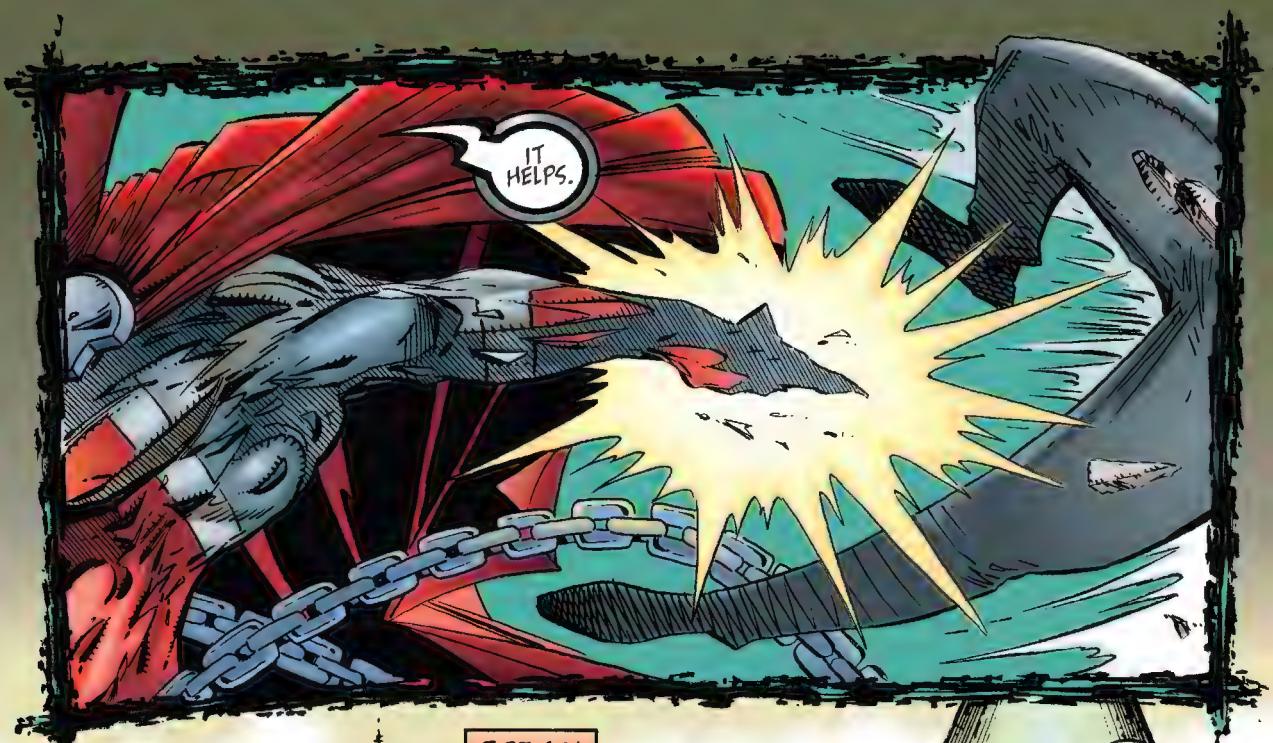
YOU TELL MR. GRAVANO
THAT IF HE THINKS HE CAN
DO ANY WORSE TO ME,
THEN I'LL BE WAITING.

AND
TELL HIM
NOT TO TAKE
TOO LONG.

I'M NOT
VERY
PATIENT.

OTHER-
WISE, I'LL
BE PAYING
HIM A VISIT.
REAL
SOON.

YOU--
YOU'RE
CRAZY,
MAN!



IT
HELPS.

5:23 A.M.

THE SUN'S FIRST LIGHT SKIMS MANHATTAN--DARTING AMONG OFFICE TOWERS AND OCCASIONALLY TRICKLING TO ALREADY-BUSY STREETS.

IN THE SUITE POSITIONED TO CATCH THE FIRST GLEAM OF THAT LIGHT SITS VITO GRAVANO, A.K.A. VITO GRAVES, A.K.A. DRACULA... MAFIA DON AND MADMAN

IS THAT SO?



LOOKS LIKE THIS TOWN'S GOT ANOTHER HERO TRYING TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF.

FINE.

BUT NOT AT MY EXPENSE.



THANKS FOR LAYING OUT THE TRAP, MR. STEWART. I HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR YOU.

Pardon?

YOU'RE FIRED. YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT.

SLAM!

TESTY
LITTLE
CREEP.

ANYWAYS...

I'M LOOKING
FORWARD TO A
GREAT WEEK.
SMITHERS, BRING
ME UP TO
DATE.

AS YOU KNOW, SIR, WE'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR LINKS BETWEEN THE
MURDERS OF YOUR ASSOCIATES AND
SOME OTHER DISRUPTIVE SITUATIONS...
THE MATTER OF THAT LITTLE FAT **CLOWN**,
THE DISMANTLING OF THAT HIRED GUN
OVERT-KILL, AND THE INVASION OF
YOUR OFFICE BY A **COSTUMED**
VIGILANTE.

CALLING IN **THE ADMONISHER** TO DEAL
WITH THE CLOWN WAS A
BRILLIANT MOVE, SIR.*

I APPRECIATE
THAT.

WE'RE HAVING TO
DO A LITTLE DIGGING
ON THE LATTER TWO
INCIDENTS.

SORTING OUT THE
CLOWN'S KILLING SPREE
HAS BEEN EASIER. THERE'S
NO QUESTION HE CARRIED
OUT THE HITS ON THE
OTHER DONS, AND
THAT HE ACTED
ALONE.

REGARDING THE
OVERT-KILL
SITUATION, WE
HAVE SOME
NEW LEADS.

WE HAD
DRAWINGS
MADE OF THE
WEAPONS YOU
DESCRIBED,
AS USED BY THE
COSTUMED
INVADER.*

OUR PEOPLE AT THE F.B.I. AND C.I.A.
BOTH CONFIRM THE THEFT OF
THOSE WEAPONS. THE FIREPOWER
WAS EASILY SUFFICIENT TO PIERCE
OVERT-KILL'S ARMOR.

*ISSUE #6.

IT TOOK SOME
ARM-TWISTING, BUT
WE GOT A NAME FOR A
SUSPECT... SOMEONE
WHO SEEMS TO HAVE
STICKY FINGERS FOR
CONFIDENTIAL FILES,
AS WELL.

GET ME
EVERYTHING
YOU CAN
ON HIM.

HE'S **TERENCE FITZGERALD**, AN
OPERATIVE FOR
SOME ULTRA-COVERT
AGENCY.



CONTINUE.



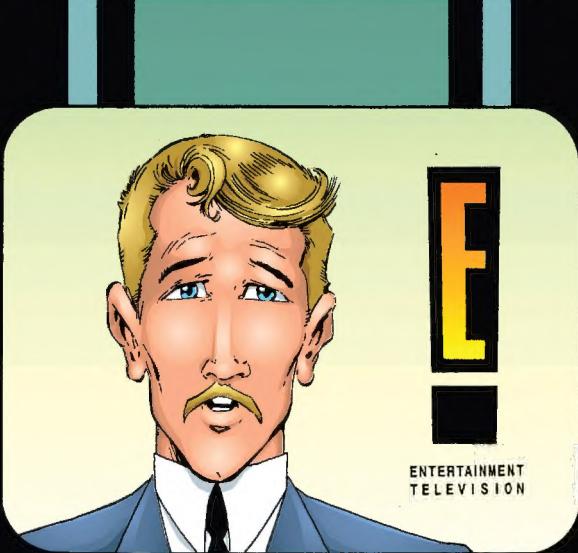




... AN UNEXPECTED NAME IN THE NEWS TODAY IS **JASON WYNN**, A PREVIOUSLY LITTLE-KNOWN DEPARTMENT HEAD AT THE C.I.A. WYNN RECEIVED A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH FROM HIS DOCTORS, ACCORDING TO REPORTS RELEASED TODAY, AND HAS ALREADY BEEN BACK AT WORK SINCE MONDAY.

HE UNDERWENT SOME SIXTY PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS AFTER BEING DISCOVERED CRUMPLED ON HIS OFFICE FLOOR THE PREVIOUS FRIDAY. THERE ARE STILL FEW DETAILS REGARDING HIS ABSENCE WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY OF LAST WEEK, THOUGH ABDUCTION BY A HOSTILE AGENCY HAS NOT BEEN RULED OUT.

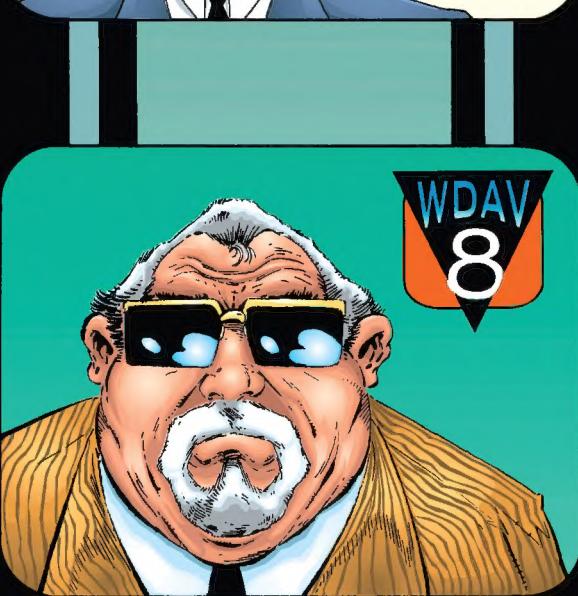
WYNN CLAIMS NO RECOLLECTION OF ANYTHING THAT OCCURRED DURING HIS ABSENCE. ACCORDING TO A WITNESS, THE DIRECTOR WAS SPIRITED MYSTERIOUSLY OUT OF A C.I.A. GYMNASIUM. THE DISAPPEARANCE LED TO AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH WHICH ENDED WHEN A NIGHT CUSTODIAN FOUND HIM. APPARENTLY, WYNN HAD SOMEHOW RETURNED UNDETECTED TO HIS OWN PRIVATE OFFICE ON THE TENTH FLOOR, WHICH WAS LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE.



WHAT HAS DOCTORS CONCERNED IS WYNN'S UNEXPLAINABLE PARA-AMNESIA. REPEATED PROBES AND C.A.T. SCANS OF THE DIRECTOR'S BRAIN AND CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM HAS REVEALED NO INDICATIONS OF PHYSICAL TRAUMA OR INVASIVE MANIPULATION OF ANY SORT.

A HOSPITAL SPOKESPERSON, SPEAKING ON CONDITION OF ANONYMITY, EMPHASIZED THAT THERE IS NO SIGN OF INJURY WHATSOEVER AND THAT WYNN IS IN TOP PHYSICAL HEALTH. HOWEVER, HE WILL CONTINUE TO BE TESTED OVER THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS IN CASE SIMILAR SYMPTOMS ARISE.

WYNN WAS UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMENT, BUT HIS PERSONAL AIDE HAS RELATED THAT MR. WYNN IS BACK TO WORK "IN FULL FORCE" AND PROCEEDING AS IF THE ENTIRE EVENT NEVER OCCURRED. THE C.I.A., N.S.A. AND N.S.C. ALL HAD NO COMMENT BUT THAT MR. WYNN IS BEING WATCHED CLOSELY FOR ANY SIGNS OF FUTURE ABNORMALITY.



GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING! LET'S GO OVER THE FACTS, IF THE C.I.A. DOESN'T MIND, A MEMBER OF THEIR **DIRECTORATE** DISAPPEARS, ala **STAR TREK**, APPARENTLY OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH, AND THEN JUST SHOWS UP TWO DAYS LATER, THUMB IN HIS MOUTH, HUDDLED IN A FETAL BALL IN HIS OFFICE. HE REMEMBERS **SQUAT**, BUT THAT'S OKAY, 'CAUSE HE'S ONE OF THE GOOD OL' BOYS. SO, THEY GET HIM TO PEE IN A CUP, A DOZEN TOP-SECURITY DOCTORS WRITE UP A DOZEN UNREADABLE REPORTS, AND THEY SEND HIM BACK TO WORK WITH AN APPLE IN HIS LUNCH-BOX. AT THE SAME TIME, THEY DECLARE IT **MIGHT** HAVE BEEN AN ENEMY ACTION AND YET DON'T BLINK AN EYE AT THE POSSIBILITY OUR TOP-SECRET BOY SCOUT IS **COMPROMISED**!

WAS HE KIDNAPPED OR **WASN'T** HE? PERHAPS HE WAS OFF IN ARUBA WITH MISS MONEY PENNY-- OUR TAX PENNIES AT WORK! I BET IF YOU OR I TRIED THIS CRAP WE'D BE WALKING THE STREETS IN TEN SECONDS FLAT. I KNOW I'LL SLEEP BETTER KNOWING THAT BOYS LIKE THIS ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR **NATIONAL SECURITY**!



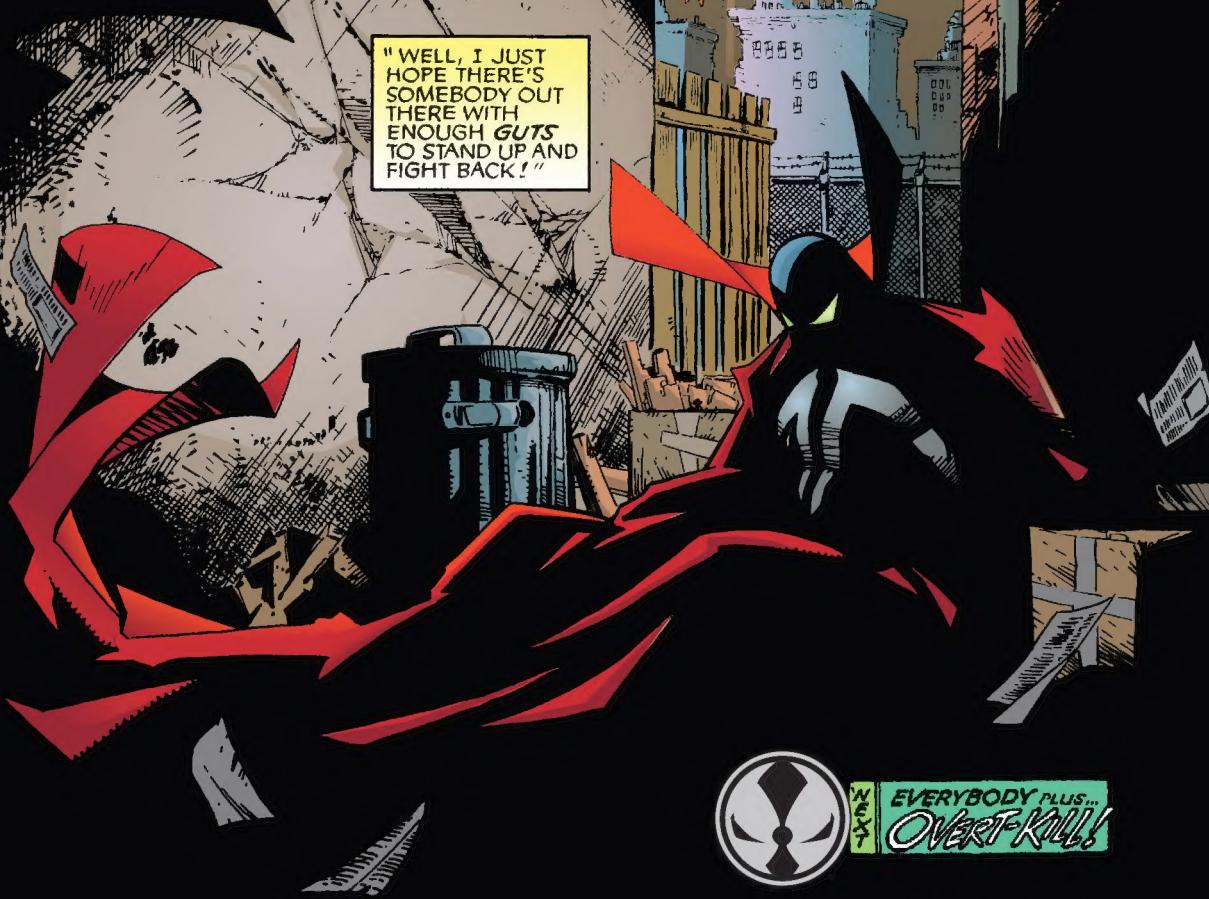
"BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER. THESE G-MEN ARE ALL JUST INTERESTED IN PUSHING THEIR OWN PERSONAL AGENDAS..."

"...AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT PUBLIC SERVICE."

"THESE HIGH AND MIGHTY GOVERNMENT Factions ALL HAVE THEIR LITTLE WARS TO FIGHT, AND SMALL GUYS LIKE YOU AND ME KEEP GETTIN' IN THE WAY!"



"WELL, I JUST HOPE THERE'S SOMEBODY OUT THERE WITH ENOUGH *GUTS* TO STAND UP AND FIGHT BACK!"



WE
NEXT

EVERYBODY PLUS...
OVERT-KILL!



EMPIRE